A LECTURE ON MIMICRY,

As it was delivered with great Applauſe, at the Theatres in Covent-Garden and the Hay-Market, and the great Room in Panton-Street.

In the Courſe of which were introduced

A GREAT VARIETY OF

THEATRICAL IMITATIONS.

To which is added

JERRY SNEAK's RETURN FROM THE REGATTA;

AND

A LECTURE ON LECTURES.

By GEORGE SAVILLE CAREY.

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M.DCC.LXXVI.

[Price ONE SHILLING.]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PART I.

A Managerial Scene, in which is introduced

Mr. Fiddleſtick,	Mr. F-ſh-r	Bouana Figli.	Sig. S-ſt-ni
Mr. Smallcoal,	Mr. C-lm-n	Patent,	Mr. G-r-k
Mrs. Artichoke,	Mrs. H-rt--y	Richard IIId.	Mr. W-ſt-n.

Shylock in Macbeth, Mr. M-ckl-n.

PART II.

What alas ſhall	Sig. M--ll--co	From Morn 'till	Mrs. B-rt----n
Roſy Wine,	Miſs C-t--y	Think, O! think	Mr. V-r--n
The early Horn,	Mr. L-we	Sweet Willy O!	Mrs. B-d-ley
This is Sir,	Mr. B-n--ſter	The Mulberry	Mr. K-ar

Ye Warwickſhire Lads, &c. a Duette, Mr. V----n and Mr. D-----n.

PART III.

A Scene from Harlequin's Invaſion.

Mr. Br--by, Mr. D-dd, Mrs. P-rſ-ns, and others.

Othello,	Mr. B-r-y	Jacimo,	Mr. P-lm-r
Cymbeline,	Mr. H--ſt	Poſthumus,	Mr. R--diſh

The Riva Singers and the Determination of Dr. GUTTLE,

Mr. D--d-n, Mr. Q--ck, Dr. A-ne.

A Diologue between ARISTOPHANES and BILLY BUCKRAM.

POETICAL INTRODUCTION.

YOUR kind indulgence I am come to aſk,
Whilſt I purſue my arduous mimic taſk,—
The path's contracted which I've ſought to tread,
Chance pops each fancy'd figure in my head;
No dint of labour gather'd by degrees;
I can't aſſume an object when I pleaſe,
But juſt when Nature throws it in my way,
I take the hint, and bear the form away.
I would not by this mimic trade offend,
My only motive is a private end,
[*chinking the pocket.*]
And who is here will ſay, that I'm to blame,
Since all mankind are apt to do the ſame.
Yet ſome there are, methinks, I hear 'em too,
Who cry "this fellow's plan can never do,

E

" Damn his wry faces—He pretend to sing,
" Would he were taken off but once—to swing.
" Did ever mortal such an effort see ?
" He'd fain persuade you that he takes off me,
" How could the puppy ever think to please,
" *No more like me, than I to Hercules.*

[*mimicking W—dw—d.*]

Should I engagement seek—and by the by
Should I to Aristophanes apply,
The Satirist perhaps would thus reply ;—
" Engage you sir ! no, that can never be,
" Two of a trade you know can ne'er agree,
" You say I broil my characters like sprats,
" And make me write a comedy of cats,
" Croak too the hellish language of a crow,
" When all the world can tell, I don't know how ;
" Would you engage, try to engage the town,
" And then like me you'll *hobble* to renown ;
" Live by your wits, sir, that's the way to thrive,
" Why how the devil do you think I live ?"
I'll take the hint, and, on myself depend,
I never yet found Manager my friend,

By

By you ſupported, boldly I'll oppoſe
My mimic powers againſt a hoſt of foes;
Roſcius ſhall wake, and ſtrut about the ſtage
And limping Proteus grin with comic rage,
Feeble *Othello* ſhall the ſtate addreſs,
And toothleſs *Shylock* liſp in *Macbeth*'s dreſs,
Declaiming *Richard* in ſhort accents breathe,
And bind his brows with a victorious wreathe.
The ſilken ſons of *Italy* ſhall ſquall,
And John roaſt-beef, in vulgar accents bawl;
In fine—as far as mimickry can go,
At leaſt as far as I can make it do,
Theſe and ſome others of the changeful crew,
Shall riſe for judgment to your candid view,
And if ſome merit you ſhall chance to find,
Some little genius in the lecturer's mind,
O'erlook his failings, ſet his heart at eaſe,
Nor damp an ardour which aſpires to pleaſe.

LECTURES

LECTURES

ON

MIMICKRY.

A SUDDEN tranſition, from the gloomy ſhades of oblivion, to the ſunſhine of proſperity, has different effects on different objects; the man of ſenſe ſhews it in a modeſt reſerve; a coxcomb in a ſuperficial glare of oſtentation, which renders him the laughing-ſtock of all mankind. A tom-boy is always pleas'd with a new coat, let it fit him ever ſo ill; and when he ſhould rather hide himſelf, his vanity leads him into the great world; hence he is proud of eſtabliſhing a character, though a ridiculous one.

I beg leave to give my auditors a novel ſcene in another peep behind the curtain.

FIDDLESTICK.

Hollo! you carpenters, what the devil are you all about there?

CAR-

CARPENTER.

Drawing up the clouds to make room for an Italian ſky.

FIDDLESTICK.

Why, you make ſuch a tugging and a pulling, you'll tear all the clouds to pieces.

CARPENTER.

Somebody has taken away the laurel from the figure of Apollo, ſir, and we have not another in the houſe.

FIDDLESTICK.

Oh! I have got that, it fits me very well, and I intend to wear it in the character of Apollo, at the maſquerade this evening. There, there, what the devil are you about now, hey!

CARPENTER.

'Tis only one of the ropes that ſnap'd.

FIDDLESTICK.

The devil ſnap you, what do you mean by that; do you know that the fourth part of every rope in this houſe belongs to me.

CARPENTER.

'Twas only the rope that was tied about the neck of Apollo; there is rope enough left to hang all the Apollo's in England.

[*Here Jerry Dowlas comes to offer himſelf.*]

JERRY

DOWLAS.

A good morning ſir, pray ſir, is not your name Mr. Fiddleſtick.

FIDDLESTICK.

Timothy Fiddleſtick, Eſq. if you pleaſe.

DOWLAS.

I beg your pardon ſir.

FIDDLESTICK.

Well, what do you want here?

DOWLAS.

Sir, I came to offer myſelf.

FIDDLESTICK.

Offer yourſelf, to do what!

DOWLAS.

To play, ſir.

FIDDLESTICK.

Hey, well, what do you play the fiddle?

DOWLAS.

No, ſir.

FIDDLESTICK.

Can you ſing?

DOWLAS.

No, ſir.

FIDDLESTICK.

Then I would not give a fig for you.

DOWLAS.

I am a tragedian, ſir.

FIDDLE-

FIDDLESTICK.

Damn your tragedies and your comedies,—I wiſh they were at the bottom of the ſea, with all my heart;—'Tis a great pity they were ever introduced upon the ſtage;—there is more *ſound* ſenſe in a good ſolo, or a concerto, than all the tragedies and comedies in the world. But here comes Mr. Smallcoal,—you'd better ſpeak to him. Hey, what, well—Mr. Smallcoal, here is a gentleman who ſays he is a tragedian.

SMALLCOAL.

A tragedian is he. [*Sneering*] did you ever play in any company.

DOWLAS.

Oh! yes ſir, very often.

SMALLCOAL.

What company, ſir?

DOWLAS.

Sometimes in one company, and ſometimes another.

SMALLCOAL.

But what company, ſir?

DOWLAS.

Sometimes at the Faulcon in Fetter-lane, ſometimes at the Horn in Doctor's Commons, ſometimes at the Gooſe-and-Gridiron in St. Paul's Church-yard.

SMALL-

SMALLCOAL.

I never ſaw ſuch a gooſe as you are, I'm ſure [*laughing*] Can you read, ſir?

DOWLAS.

O yes. ſir.

SMALLCOAL.

Can you write?

DOWLAS.

Yes, ſir.

SMALLCOAL.

Then I'll be damn'd if you'll ever do for me: for you fellows that write and read are always too conceited; there is no making any thing of you.

DOWLAS.

I thought it was impoſſible to be an actor without ſuch requiſites, ſir.

SMALLCOAL.

You thought?—who gave you the privilege of thinking, ſir?—that's another proof of your ſtupidity—an actor ſhould never think for himſelf.

DOWLAS.

No, ſir?

SMALLCOAL.

No, he ſhould always leave that to a Manager.—Did you ever hear Mrs. Hartichoke?

DOWLAS.

No, ſir.

SMALLCOAL.

No?—call her in—now you ſhall hear the very pattern of an actreſs. [*Enter Hartichoke*] Prithee, my dear girl, give me your favourite ſpeech in ſhore.—Oh, ſhe has all the charming monotony of the cuckoo.

HARTICHOKE.

Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And ſuch the curſe entail'd upon our kind,
That man the lawleſs libertine may rove
Free and unqueſtion'd thro' the wilds of love;
While woman, ſenſe and nature's eaſy fool,
If poor, weak woman ſwerve from virtue's rule,
If, ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the thorny way,
And in the ſofter paths of pleaſure ſtray,
Ruin enſues, reproach, and endleſs ſhame,
And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame;
In vain with tears the loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back to what ſhe was before,
She ſets like ſtars, that fall to riſe no more.

SMALLCOAL.

There, there, what do you think of her?

DOW-

DOWLAS.

Very clever indeed Sir;—but ſurely ſhe could never have arriv'd at ſuch a pitch of excellence, without knowing how to write and read.

SMALLCOAL.

Not a word, ſir—not a ſyllable—all nature and my aſſiſtance;—beſides, when ſhe has loſt the power of acting—ſhe will be able to get her living by ſqueezing oranges and lemons at a coffee-houſe. [*ſqueezing his hands.*]

DOWLAS.

Sir, a good morning to you—I'm ſorry I have been ſo troubleſome.

SMALLCOAL

So am I, ſir, [hey Fiddleſtick] but I am afraid you have the greateſt trouble to come.

DOWLAS.

What trouble, ſir?

SMALLCOAL.

The trouble of taking yourſelf away as you came. [hey Fiddleſtick]

DOWLAS.

'Tis a ſad misfortune to be bit by a mad player;—however, I have one reſource left yet. I'll e'en to my old friend Billy Buſtle;—he's hand-and-glove with Patent; Patent will ſoon

find out my genius, tho' theſe purblind dunciads have overlook'd it.

SCENE II.

BUSTLE *to* PATENT.

BILLY BUSTLE.

We've loſt it, we've loſt it, we've loſt it [*running up and down, blowing his noſe, and wiping his fingers on his breeches*]

PATENT.

What have you loſt—your ſenſes?

BUSTLE.

It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe.

PATENT.

What cauſe, Billy, what cauſe?

BUSTLE.

That damn'd illiterate cauſe;—Milton, Shakeſpeare, Johnſon, Dryden, Pope, Addiſon, and all the whole liſt of worthies are gone to hell.

PATENT.

The devil they are!—where did you get this intelligence?

BUSTLE.

From thoſe double-dy'd devils in Weſtminſter-Hall.

PATENT.

PATENT.

What do you mean?

BUSTLE.

My property is gone; it is indeed—indeed it is—Our family have had an illiterate property for many generations—I can prove my copy-right, granted to my great, great grand-father's grandfather, to the following illiterate productions: Sir John Gower's Poems, Jeffery Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Drayton's Polyalbian, Spencer's Fairy Queen, Sir John Harrington's Orlando Furioso, from the Italian of Ariosto.

PATENT.

And they're gone, are they, Billy?

BUSTLE.

For ever!

PATENT.

Well, don't despair, I have a consolation for you yet.

BUSTLE.

Is it possible?

PATENT.

You shall have *my* productions, they will be the property of the living.

BUSTLE.

I'm happy, I'm happy; let the copy-right of the dead die with their illiterate masters for what

I care.—Odds bobs I had like to have forgot—I have a preſent for you.

PATENT.

What is it, Billy-boy?

BUSTLE.

A genius.

PATENT.

Indeed!

BUSTLE.

A voice like a lion, and an eye——Oh here he comes. I'll leave you *together alone.*

[*Exit* BUSTLE.

Enter DOWLAS.

PATENT.

Walk in, Sir; your ſervant, Sir, your ſervant—have you any particular buſineſs with me?

DOWLAS.

Yes, ſir, my friends have lately diſcovered that I have a genius for the ſtage.

PATENT.

Oh, you would be a player, would you, ſir?—pray, ſir, did you ever play?

DOWLAS.

No, ſir, but I flatter myſelf——

PATENT.

PATENT.

I hope not, ſir; flattering one's-ſelf is the very worſt of hypocriſy.

DOWLAS.

You'll excuſe me, ſir.

PATENT.

Aye, ſir, if you'll excuſe *me* for not *flattering* you.—I always ſpeak my mind.

DOWLAS.

I dare ſay you will like my manner, ſir.

PATENT.

No manner of doubt, ſir—I dare ſay I ſhall—pray, ſir, with which of the ladies are you in love?

DOWLAS.

In love, ſir!—ladies! [*looking round*]

PATENT.

Aye, ſir, ladies—Miſs Comedy, or Dame Tragedy?

DOWLAS.

I'm vaſtly fond of Tragedy, Sir.

PATENT.

Very well, Sir; and where is your fort?

DOWLAS.

Sir?

PATENT.

I ſay, ſir, what is your *department*?

DOW-

I care.—Odds bobs I had like to have forgot—I have a preſent for you.

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[*Exit* BUSTLE.

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PATENT.

Aye, ſir, ladies—Miſs Comedy, or Dame Tragedy?

DOWLAS.

I'm vaſtly fond of Tragedy, Sir.

PATENT.

Very well, Sir; and where is your ſort?

DOWLAS.

Sir?

PATENT.

I ſay, ſir, what is your *department*?

DOW-

DOWLAS.

Department?—Do you mean my lodging, ſir?

PATENT.

Your lodgings, ſir?—no, not I;—ha, ha, ha, I ſhould be glad to know what department you would wiſh to poſſeſs in the tragic walk—the ſighing lover, the furious hero, or the ſly aſſaſſin?

DOWLAS.

Sir, I ſhould like to play King Richard the Third.

PATENT.

A damn'd good character—a very good character; and I dare ſay you will play it vaſtly well, ſir.

DOWLAS.

I hope you'll have no reaſon to complain, ſir.

PATENT.

I hope not. Well, ſir, have you got any favourite paſſage ready?

DOWLAS.

I have it all by heart, ſir.

PATENT.

You have, ſir, have you?—I ſhall be glad to hear you.

DOW-

DOWLAS.

Hem—hem—hem— [*clearing his throat.*]
What will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter
Sink in the ground—I thought it would have mounted.
See how my ſword weeps for the poor king's death,
Oh! may ſuch purple tears, be always ſhed
On thoſe who wiſh the downfall of our houſe;
If there be any ſpark of life yet remaining
Down, down, to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither,
I that have neither *pity*, *love* nor *fear*.

PATENT.

Hold, ſir, hold—in pity hold; za, za, za, ſir, —ſir—why dam'me, ſir, 'tis not like humanity. You won't find me ſo great a barbarian as Richard,—you ſay he had neither, *pity*, *love* nor *fear*,—now, ſir, you will find that I am poſſeſs'd of all thoſe feelings for you at preſent,—I *pity* your *conceit*, I *love* to ſpeak my mind; and damme I *fear* you'll never make a *player*.

DOWLAS.

Do you think ſo, ſir.

PATENT.

Do I think ſo, ſir?—Yes, I know ſo ſir!—now ſir, only look at yourſelf—your legs kiſſing as if they had fall'n in love with one another;

other;—and your arms, dingle dangle, dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle, [*mimicks him*] 'pon my ſoul, ſir, 'twill never do,—pray, ſir, are you of any profeſſion?

DOWLAS.

Yes, ſir, a linen draper!

PATENT.

A linen draper!—a damn'd good buſineſs; a very good buſineſs—you'll get more by that than by playing,—you had better mind your thrumbs and your ſhop, and be damn'd to you—and don't peſter me here any more with your Richard and your—za, za, za—this is a genius damn ſuch geniuſſes I ſay. [*Exit.*

It will be acknowledged, I believe, that ſome, the moſt ingenious of mankind, who now ſtand dignified in the court of Fame, have been often more indebted to chance than induſtry.

Painters have drawn converſation pieces from the figures they have fancied to have ſeen in a fire; beautiful landſcapes from the broken plaiſter in a wall;—formidable caverns, and terrifick mountains from the inſide of a rotten cheeſe.

Muſicians have compoſed fav'rite airs, from the creaking hinges of a door, the gurgling in the

the neck of a bottle, or the wind whiſtling through ſome little cranny.

Famous actors too have often formed their mode of ſpeaking from the howling of a wolf, the roaring of a lion, or the braying of an aſs.

There is a modern theatrical hero, "whom I have heard many praiſe, and highly too" as Hamlet ſays, who fell in love with the monotony of a chimney ſweeper.

S * * th.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our ſtern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;
Grim-viſag'd war has ſmooth'd his wrinkled front,
And now, inſtead of mounting barbed ſteeds,
To fright the ſouls of fearful adverſaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the laſcivious pleaſing of a lute.

Little Peter Polliſh took his hints from a different object. This gentleman has often been heard to ſay, that a windmill was one of the moſt graceful ſtructures in the world, and that it always put him in mind of a flying Mercury; but how he made it out, heaven only knows;

'tis certain he had ſtudied the motion of a windmill, and the figure of a Mercury, for he had ever the action of the one, and the attitude of the other; 'tis ſaid he was a profound politician too, and has been often heard muttering to himſelf, concerning the precarious and ticklish finances of poor Old England, our trade declining, frequent bankruptcies, combuſtions in the ſtate, city ſquabbling, public complainings; and no *Popery*.

Once in a ſudden guſh of exclamation, he broke out in a quotation from Barbaroſſa, ſometimes ingeniouſly making one ſyllable into two.

S * * ig * y.

Now ſleep and ſilence—*ber-oods* o'er the *city*,
The devoted centinel, now takes his lonely ſtand,
And idly *der-eams* of that to-morrow,
Which ſhall never come;—in this *der-ead* interval.
Oh! buſy thought; from outward things
Deſcend into thyſelf; bring with thee
Awful conſcience, and *fir-em* reſolve,
That in the approaching hour of blood and horror
I may ſtand unmov'd.

And there he left off as ſtiff as a ſtatue.

A cer-

A certain veteran of the ſtage, perceiving a dearth of genius and the theatre in an abſolute decline, ſtood forth at ſeventy-five to ſave it from a total fall. Othello, he obſerv'd, had loſt his legs, and Roſcius his inclination.—Shall we for ever bid good by'e to Romeo—Adieu to Caſtalio,—and farewell to Macbeth;—no, I will ſtep forth myſelf, and convince the world there is no occaſion for leg, tooth, or eye to play ſuch characters; and without any of thoſe corporeal requiſites, my auditors ſhall ſee that I will act them to a charm.

M * * k * * n.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well,
It were done quickly; if th' aſſaſſination
Could trammell up the conſequence, and catch
With its ſurceaſe, ſucceſs; that but this blow
Might be the *be-all*, and the *end-all*—HERE.
But *here* upon this bank and ſhoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come.—But in theſe caſes
We ſtill have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody inſtructions, which being taught, return
To plague the inventor. Even-handed juſtice
Returns th' ingredients of our poiſon'd chalice
To our own lips. [*Exit.*

End of the Firſt Part.

SECOND

SECOND PART.

THE Italians make the ladies the objects of their imitation. Who does not laugh to hear a gigantic hero, from whose appearance one might expect the roar of a bellowing Taurus, warble out the commands of the conqueror of the world, with the execrable squeaking of a guinea-pig.

GAUDANI.

What, alas! shall Orpheus do?
Whither go without his love?
Euridice, oh! answer me,
I have lost my darling dove, &c.

I know no difference there can be in this between a C*T**Y in breeches, and a S***s**o in petticoats.

C*T**Y.

When bickerings hot,
At high words got,
Break out at gammy-oram,
The golden rule
Their flame to cool,
Is push about the jorum.

With

With fist on jug,
Coifs who can hug,
Or shew me that glib speaker,
Who her red rag
In gibe can wag
When her mouth's brim full of liquor?

'Tis not every ear that is so refin'd; some will listen with more satisfaction to the natural and unaffected manner of an English singer, than to the debilitated extravagance of an Italian.

DU**LL**Y.

With early horn
Salute the morn, &c.

Now I will beg leave to introduce the manner of a gentleman who has a little more pudding in his voice.

B*NN****R.

This is, sir, a Jubilee,
Music without Melody,
Verses without harmony
That is, sir, a Jubilee,
&c. &c.

There

There is generally a greater ſhare of affectation in ſingers than in actors, and they are frequently more indebted to art than to nature. To imitate the diſſonant jargon of an unpoliſhed African, requires a *mimical* capacity but no great ſhare of vocal abilities.

D*BD*N.

Deer heart, deer heart, what a terrible life am I led, &c.

The Italians, whoſe anceſtors were the ſweeteſt of all poets, ſeem to have aboliſhed that celeſtial ſcience, as if they thought poetry and good ſenſe unneceſſary, where there is fine ſinging. A famous air in an Italian Opera has been literally tranſlated thus:

Where, which, and wherefore,
There, this, and therefore.

Paintings in ſtill life ſeem to have loſt their eſtimation—but we have capital ſingers in ſtill life, in high eſteem, who think it unneceſſary to move hand or foot; nay ſometimes indeed even diſdain to open their mouths.

Mrs. BAR***L***N.

From morn to night alone I ſet,
For liberty I ſigh and fret:
Like Robin in his cage.
Mamma too kills me with her care;
She tells me I am young and fair,
At a bewitching age.
&c. &c.

Our moſt ſanguine wiſhes are frequently diſappointed by the moſt provoking contrarieties. Some there are who poſſeſs enchanting tones, but are deſtitute of taſte; and on the other hand, we meet with thoſe who are endowed with every requiſite but a voice. When therefore a paſſion for imitation is guided by taſte and judgment, it will always give ſatisfaction; and we are ever pleas'd to view good action, fine feelings, and ſuperior taſte ſupply the deficiency of a voice.

V*RN*N.

Think, ah! think, within my breaſt,
While contending paſſions reign,
How my heart is robb'd of reſt,
And in pity eaſe my pain.

To

To a lover thus diſtreſt,
Torn with doubting, hopes and fears,
Ev'ry moment till he's bleſs'd
Is a thouſand thouſand years.

When an actor or a ſinger is poſſeſſed of an extravagance of action, it deſtroys all effect of ſenſe or ſound; and renders the moſt elegant compoſition farcical.

Mrs. B*DD**Y.

The pride of all nature was ſweet Willy O,
The firſt of all ſwains,
He gladden'd the plains,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy O,
None ever was like to the ſweet Willy O,
&c. &c.

I have heard the tree of our immortal Shakeſpeare celebrated in the melodious ſtrains of an itinerant crier of wooden ware.

"By my bowl or platter, buy my wooden ware."

K**R.

K**R.

Behold this fair goblet was carv'd from the tree
Which, Oh, my ſweet Shakeſpeare was planted
by thee;
As a relique I kiſs it, and bow to the ſhrine,
What comes from thy hand muſt be ever divine.

All ſhall yield to the mulberry tree,
Bend to thee, bleſs'd mulberry;
Matchleſs was he that planted thee,
And thou, like him, immortal be.

As I have already given Mungo in diſtreſs, and Amintor in love, give me leave to introduce them once more in the ruſtic Ballad Singers.

V*RN*N.

Ye Warwickſhire lads and ye laſſes,
See what at the Jubilee paſſes.
&c. &c.

D*BD*N.

Be proud of the charms of your county,
Where nature has laviſh'd her bounty.
&c. &c.

V**N*N.

V**N*N.

Old Ben, Thomas Otway, John Dryden,
And half a ſcore more we take pride in,
&c. &c.

D*BD*N.

There never was ſure ſuch a creature.
Of all ſhe was worth he rob'd nature.
&c. &c.

End of the Second Part.

PART

PART III.

IT rarely happens that we meet with a ROSCIUS, whoſe imitative genius can comprehend the great variety of human paſſions, and arrive at ſuperior excellence in each.

There are many characters in which the figure of the figure of an actor gives us a diſguſt, and were they poſſeſſed of every other requiſite, the part would always ſhew an awkward deficiency. —A crook-back'd Richard ſix feet high, will prejudice us againſt the character.—An Othello or a Mark Anthony, have the ſame effect, when repreſented by a diminutive figure.—But I have ſeen thoſe characters acted by a modern tragedian, who hath impreſſed on me ſo ſtrong an idea, that I have ſometimes thought he had juſt left the great originals, and came to mimic them on the ſtage.

B***Y.

B*R*Y.

Moſt potent, grave, and reveren'd Seniors,
My ever honour'd and approv'd good maſters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true—true I married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent—no more.———

It has been too often obſerved the managers of our theatres pay too little deference to their Kings. I have ſeen his Majeſty of Denmark repreſented by a gentleman who would have made an excellent waiter at a tavern, and Cymbeline put into the hands of another who would have done more credit to *Snuffle* in the Mayor of Garrat than any other actor on the ſtage.

H**ST.

I've ſurely ſeen him,
His favour, his familiar to me—Boy!
Thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace
I know not why,—or wherefore
To ſay, Live, Boy! ne'er thank thy maſter—live!
And aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it.

When

When a hero makes his complaints, they ſhould be expreſſed with the ſpirit of a hero; but when he whimpers them like a ſchool-boy, it renders him perfectly ridiculous.

P * L * * R.

It was upon a time—
A curſe the clock that ſtruck the hour,
When I brought proof enough to make
The noble Leonatus mad. Whereupon
Methinks I ſee him now!

R * D D * * H.

Ah, ſo thou doſt, Italian fiend,
Ah, me, egregious murderer, ſpit
And throw ſtones at me, ſet
The dogs in the ſtreet at me,
Let every thing be call'd Poſthumous, Leonatus.
Oh! Imogen, my life, my wife, my Imogen!

Comedy has never a better effect on our paſſions than when two characters are happily contraſted, like light and ſhade in painting, each ſerves to foil the other;—the ludicrous vociferation of a Major Sturgeon, and the vacant timidity of a Jerry Sneak, give a double ſatisfaction, being oppoſed to each other.

DIALOGUE.

Ariſtophanes, F**TE. *Billy Buckram* W*ST*N.

BUCKRAM.

Your ſervant, Maſter Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Ah, what my little waddling, ſwaddling Billy Buckram, how goes the world with you?—I thought old Charon had punted you over long enough ago.—I thought you was loſt!

BUCKRAM.

No, I am not loſt—I was juſt found—I was in Heaven, as it were—I walked, I do not know how I walked—mechanically, like a clock, or Moore's machine.

ARISTOPHANES.

What, you've been with the damn'd Methodiſts again, I find.

BUCKRAM.

Damn'd Methodiſts!—Oh, thou ſhalt broil for that; thou ſhalt ſtand at the Devil's gate, and I will pelt thee, yea, I will pelt thee with red hot cinders.

The

ARISTOPHANES.

The devil you will—Red hot cinders!—I fancy you talk of things too *hot* to *hold*, hey, Billy—Come, prithee, be thy goodly ſelf again, put off that damn'd face and begin.

BUCKRAM.

Begin What?

ARISTOPHANES.

Johnny Pringle, to be ſure.

BUCKRAM.

Nay, I can be merry an I chuſe.

ARISTOPHANES.

Then prithee chuſe to be merry.

BUCKRAM.

So I will maſter 'Stophanes, for I *loves* you for old acquaintance ſake.

SONG.

Johnny Pringle had a little pig,
It was little, and not very big.
Oh, had you been alive, and there to ſee
Johnny Pringle, Jenny Pringle, and little Piggy.

Johnny

Johnny Pringle ſat him down and cry'd,
Jenny Pringle laid her down and dy'd.
So there was an end of all the whole three,
Johnny Pringle, Jenny Pringle, and little Piggy.

But I am a-weary of this wicked world for all that.

ARISTOPHANES.

Its more than I am.

BUCKRAM.

And yet by your ſhining face, it ſeems to make you ſweat, too.

ARISTOPHANES.

Huh, huh, ſweat?—Fry, broil, burn,—I broil characters as you broil ſprats.

BUCKRAM.

Broil characters, I gad, that's odd enough.

ARISTOPHANES.

Aye, broil characters;—What think you of Dr. Squintum, Peter Paragraph, Sir Luke Limp, Mother Cole, and the whole tribe of the Nabobs.

Oh,

BUCKRAM.

Oh, they are *parfectly* burnt to a cinder now, the town wants more coals, freſh Coles, or any thing freſh,—

ARISTOPHANES.

They ſhall have 'em.—I'll tell you a ſecret, —ſhut the door—I'm going to have a new pantomime.—I'll tell you another,—I ſhall play harlequin myſelf.—Such a magazine for the next campaign. Characters never thought of by any bard before.—But to return to my pantomime—You ſhall be my Perriot.

BUCKRAM.

Perriot! Oh, if you make a peer of me, maſter 'Stophanes, you'll be a princely gentleman, indeed.

ARISTOPHANES.

Hold your tongue, you damn'd fool you. I ſhall be harlequin, and a nimble one——— You muſt keep cloſe to my heels if you can. —And when we are purſued by all the mob of pantomimical figures, with their conſtables ſtaves, red-hot pokers, pitch-forks, &c. at laſt we are drove into ſome turn-again lane,—how are we to make our eſcape?—

I can't

BUCKRAM.

I can't tell how, indeed.

ARISTOPHANES.

You can't, why then I'll tell you.—I'll turn you into a lion, and myſelf into an aſs!

BUCKRAM.

I beg to be excuſed, maſter 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Hold your tongue, ye fool.——When the pantaloon and his mob comes to cloſe quarters—you ſhall roar like a lion, and I'll bray like an aſs

BUCKRAM.

'can't roar like a lion, maſter 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

I warrant you I'll make you.

BUCKRAM.

How will you make me.

ARISTOPHANES.

By a charm to be ſure.

BUCKRAM.

But what ſort of a charm.

ARISTOPHANES.

You ſhall hear—When you are ſtanding in a corner ſucking your thumbs, and wont roar, I'll lay my ſtick, thawk acroſs your ſhoulders—and I warrant you'll roar like a lion in ſpight of your teeth.

BUCKRAM.

But ſhan't I make uſe of the ſame charm to you, Maſter 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

I beg to be excuſed—I have my part by heart—For inſtance, what mob can ſtand this [*brays like an aſs*] away they run—There's a touch for you.

BUCKRAM.

A touch indeed!

ARISTOPHANES.

Now, what is the next ſcene?

BUCKRAM.

Nay, I can't tell.

ARISTOPHANES.

Some beautiful water-works—with a fine caſcade—when I the gentle harlequin, by the ſide of

of my pretty little columbine, ſhall be diſcover'd playing ſome tender air on my flute—ſuppoſe I give you a touch from *Bona Figliola.*

BUCKRAM.

Bona, Fi-fi-fili.

ARISTOPHANES.

Oh, that's too hard a bone for you to pick.

BUCKRAM.

Oh, I ſhall like to hear it, Maſter 'Stophanes, tho' I don't underſtand it.—I'm not ſo much out of faſhion as that.

ARISTOPHANES.

Why then you ſhall have it.

[*imitates the flute upon his ſtick.*

There, there, is not that enough to charm any body.—Well, in the midſt of our felicity, we are attacked again—and how do you think I got rid of 'em?

BUCKRAM.

Drown 'em all, I ſuppoſe.

ARISTOPHANES.

No—I'll turn the water-works into fire-works.

BUCK-

BUCKRAM.

Into fire-works.

ARISTOPHANES.

Yes, fire-works ;—and you ſhall be my little match-man.—I'll be Torre behind, and you ſhall take care of the rockets in front.—Here goes a rocket.

[*Imitates the firing of a rocket.*

There, there it goes, Billy.

BUCKRAM.

Where, where, Maſter 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Where? Why, its all in idea to be ſure.

BUCKRAM.

But I can't find out the idea, Maſter 'Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

Why then you're a damn'd fool, that's all—And now Billy, now for it.

BUCKRAM.

Now, what's next.

ARISTOPHANES.

Why I ſhall turn the cathrine-wheels into a couple of cats.

BUCKRAM.

A couple of cats.

ARISTOPHANES.

Yes, a couple of cats. You remember my parrot, don't you.

BUCKRAM.

I don't remember your parrot, not I.

ARISTOPHANES.

No?—Room for cuckolds, Poll, Poll, Poll, O pretty Padle.

BUCKRAM.

O Lud, I remember poor Poll vaſtly well now.

ARISTOPHANES.

You do—Then what think you of my cats,—the am'rous courtſhip of two cats in a gutter.—'Twill make a damn'd good moon-light ſcene.

BUCK-

BUCKRAM.

But how will you introduce 'em, Maſter Stophanes.

ARISTOPHANES.

How?—Why you ſhall hear—Suppoſe two cats on the top of a houſe, making love to each other; waſhing their faces; for all your *true lovers* ſhould go with clean faces, hey, Billy—The gentleman ſhall addreſs his lady thus:

[*Mimicks the cats.*

"*Moll, Moll-row, Moll-row.*"

Now the ſhe cat.

"*Cur-well, Cur-well, Cur-well.*"

Now the he cat.

"*Cur you love me, Cur you love me.*"

Now the ſhe cat.

"*No, Cur no, Cur no.*"

Now the cataſtrophe.

"*Hoo, hoo, Oh, you whore.*

[*Imitates the fighting of cats.*

There's for you, Billy, there's for you, boy;—if there ſhould be a ſerious face in the houſe while that ſcene is going forward, I ſhall pronounce it, the face of a murderer or a methodiſt.

End of the Third Part.

JERRY SNEAK's RETURN FROM THE REGATTA.

I'M juſt come from 'Gatta; am drench'd like a hound,
'Tis twenty to one that I had not been drown'd;
There were wife and myſelf, and ſome brave jolly boys,
In a ſix-oar'd cutter, amidſt all the noiſe,
When a blundering broad-bottom'd country barge
Came bearing down on us,—and then to our charge
We were all overſet; ſhould ſurely have ſunk,
And have gone to the bottom if we had not been drunk;
There was ne'er a one dead of us all, but my wife,
But they tow'd her to ſhore, and ſoon brought her to life;

She

She was dead as a fish, and as pale as a clout,
But they rubb'd her, and scrubb'd her, and roll'd her about,
'Till they made her to talk, and to walk, and to see,
And now she's as blithe and as brisk as a bee,
But we boarded our cutter, and ventur'd again,
Determin'd to see, what there was to be seen,
Such a wonderful possy of pennants and colours,
Such splashing and dashing with oars and scullers,
Skiffs, wherries and barges all huddl'd together,
Such crying for shelter on account of the weather,
The people on shore, who paid pounds for a seat,
Got wet to the skin and were glad to retreat,
While we on the Thames were so snug and so quiet,
Amidst all the rain, all the racket and riot;
There were courtiers and cits, and the gay savage-weavers,
With fifes and with drums, with bones and with cleavers,
The men were all red, and the women all white,
Oh, what a beautiful, wonderful sight,
The like I ne'er saw since born of my mother,
Should I live 'till I die, I should ne'er see another,
For should I have been drowned again and again,
I'd have gone every day such a sight to have seen;

There's

There's nothing in drowning you know now-a-days,
They've found out ſuch wonderful comical ways,
Were you dead as a ſtone, you've no reaſon to fear,
They'll bring you to life with a flea in your ear;
The barges, ſome look'd like a body of gold,
Some new ones were made—*out of thoſe that were old*,
With awnings of ſilk; with ſome figure or trinket,
And many were covered—with nought but a blanket,
With white-lead and black-lead, with paint and with pitch,
Some large and ſome ſmall, ſome ragged, ſome rich;
Such a ſight, ſuch a noiſe, and ſuch a ſweet ſmell,
Was never yet equal'd on earth, or in hell;
But we got to the gardens, and landed at laſt,
In hopes to partake of the princely repaſt,
The tables were cover'd with many a thing,
You'd have thought they'd ſet out a fine feaſt for a king;
The aldermen fix'd 'em each man to his plate,
One took off his wig, and then rubbing his pate,

Look'd

Look'd eagerly round with a face of despair,
For fear that he should not come in for his share,
Then stuck his knife greedily into a ham,
Unbutton'd his waistcoat his stomach to cram,
Laid bones of fat capons in many a heap,
That he eat and he drank till he fell fast asleep.
I was hungry too, for as I am a sinner,
I'd ne'er a spare minute to get me a dinner,
So took me a plate, and then slily sate down,
Determin'd to get me *a bit of the brown*,
Was resolv'd to have it the risque of my life,
In spight of that termagant teazer, my wife,
But I'd scarcely got down a good mouthful or two,
Before she came up, and made such ado,
Cry'd I never should more go with her to a feast,
Said I look'd like a hog, that I eat like a beast,
I'd have look'd if I could still more like a swine,
Would have swill'd all the night, but could get me no wine;
And mine was the fate too, of ten out of twenty,
There was nought but the artful appearance of plenty;
To canal next I went, and there dipp'd in my hat
To get me some water—there was plenty of that,
I heard

I heard ſome of the people moſt bitterly curſe,
But I took it like marriage, the better for worſe;
The people all round ſeem'd in wonderful pother,
Did nothing but grumble, and look at each other.
To me it appear'd like a ſcene of confuſion,
Without a beginning, or without a concluſion.
All the folks that were,—Turk, Chriſtian, or Jew,
Seem'd plaguely puzzl'd to know what to do.
By the fate of St. Peter, and well too they might,
'Twas the very firſt time they had ſeen ſuch a ſight,
'Twas a kind of rehearſal, where none knew his part,
To act a Regatta's a wonderful part!
There was none of them perfect, to be ſure, it was plain,
'Twill be much better done when they play it again;
But they all from that day have been fond of the water,
Not a father or mother, not a ſon or a daughter,
But what have ſate off for a draught or a dip,
To get themſelves cur'd of the ſcurvy and hyp.
Oh, were you at Margate, Southampton, or Brighton,
To ſee them all ſous'd—'tis enough to delight one;

'Tis ſheep-ſheering time, ſo they go there to feaſt,
The firſt to be waſh'd well, and then to be fleec'd.
The townſmen have all got a wonderful knack
Of touching your pocket, and ſtroking your back,
But give them a chance, once, of taking a pull,
At a fat golden fleece, and they'll have all his wool.
If you would not be apt now to think it too long,
I'd finiſh my ſtory good folks with a ſong.

SONG.

The BOORS of BRIGHTON.

Tune, *Cold and raw the North doth blow.*

I.

The country is mooriſh,
The natives are booriſh,
Tho' ignorant, yet they are cunning,
Theſe are excellent places,
If you're of falſe faces,
With abundance of fleecing and funning.

I wiſh

II.

I wish you much pleasure,
And mirth without measure,
My wishes, I'm sure they are fervent,
You may all believe me,
I do not deceive ye,
So believe me your most humble servant.

End of the Fourth Part.

A

LECTURE ON LECTURES,

By LANCELOT LAST;

As delivered with Applauſe in the Comic Mirrour.

Written by G. S. CAREY.

LADIES and Gemmen, I am going preſently, as you will preſently find, to give you a Lecture on Lectures; but firſt and foremaſt, I think it neceſſary that I ſhould give ſome account of myſelf, becauſe why, a man who can give no account of himſelf, is to all intents and purpoſes a *vagram*.

Firſt, as to my name, Lancelot Laſt, at your ſervice, by trade, when I uſed to follow it, a Shoe-maker; but happening to ſee one of your lectures in our town, I was inſpired, as it were; and

and knowing him to be no better a *ſchollard* than myſelf, I took off my *apron*, threw down my *lap-ſtone*, kick'd up my *laſt*, gave up my *awl*, and ſo ſate off to lecture.

I was a long time before I could determine with myſelf what ſubject to begin upon, at laſt *Stronomy* came into my head, but I found the ſtars were out of my reach, and whenever I dipp'd into that ſcience, I was preſently loſt as it were, in a cloud.

Then *Ottamy* came into my head, I was at home to a peg in *Ottomy*, for as to plucking out a tooth, picking out a corn, or curing the gripes, nobody is more ſkilful than myſelf; but when I came to the *imputation* of a leg, and as I am naturally tender-hearted, I found it too *cutting* a buſineſs for me.

Then ſays I to myſelf, what think'ſt thou Lancelot Laſt of Chymiſtry, I thought as how that buſineſs was ſomething in my way, for as to your *conſalves* and *preſarves*, nobody is more *larned* in that way than myſelf, but then *thinks* I again, ſome of my auditors may have an objection to the name of phyſic, and phyſic now-a-days is nothing but a *drug*.

Then,

Then Heraldry came into my head, but happening to ſee the king's arms on a hackney-coach, I thought the dignity of that ſcience was gone to the dogs.

I was adviſed by a friend to ſet about Midwifery. But my mind was big with a thouſand apprehenſions whenever I thought on midwifery, ſo I gave it up becauſe I thought I ſhould never be able to *deliver* myſelf on that ſubject.

I would have ſet about a Lecture on Heads, but my friend, Alexander Stevens, had diſſected every head in the kingdom ſo well, that I ſhould have been ſet down as one of his *block-heads*, if I had meddled with ever a one.

I thought the *Heart* would be no bad ſubject, but I could find ſo very few good ones, that I had not a heart to ſet about it.

Thinking of bad hearts put the *Law* into my head, and I thought a Lecture on the Law would be no bad thing; then ſays I to myſelf, the Law is no good thing in itſelf, but would it not be better if I could make a good ſubject out of it. I thought and I ponder'd about it 'till I found myſelf

myſelf like a poor fly in a cobweb. The law always puts me in mind of a coffin—once in, your never out again.

If none of theſe ſubjects will do, what in the name of Lucifer will do,—Lucifer! who the devil is Lucifer?—A great orator mayhap.——Odds-bobbs, an orator.—It directly came into my head that a lecture on oratory would be the beſt thing I could ſet about, and ſo I begins my lecture on oratory.

Ladies and gemmen, now according to the learned, and I am ſomething of a *ſchollard* myſelf. Oratory means jawing, becauſe why, why becauſe no orator can ſpeak without his jaws; perhaps you'll think I can't give you a Latin *devination* for it, now you'll find yourſelves miſtaken, what is Engliſh for *Os?*, why bone to be ſure, and the jaws being full of bones they are *fix'd* proofs that the word oratory comes from *Os*.

Now I think it is neceſſary that you ſhould know what an orator is——and what is it you will ſay; I anſwer, it is a man——and what is he to do?—I anſwer, to ſpeak words——and what

what are words?—I anſwer, letters put together, but there can be no word without a *wowel*;—becauſe why; why do you ſee, becauſe they can't.

What are the neceſſary qualities of an orator——The firſt, he muſt ſpit, then wipe his mouth, then lay his hand upon his heart, then turn up his eyes, then out comes a word, then another follows it, and then, like a poſt-horſe, let him get on as faſt as he can.

An orator ſhould be a good mimic too——Odds-bobbs, now I talk of mimics, I muſt take care what I am about, for I am ſurrounded by mimics here, and they will be for taking me off, perhaps, now you ſhall ſee I will ſave them the trouble, and take off myſelf.

[*going off.*

F I N I S.

[illegible] are wind[illegible] — [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]